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04x12 - Irritation and Separation

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/15/04 19:50**

[It's parent-teacher conference night. Ben and Michael are meeting with one of Hunter's teachers.]

Ms. C: Hunter's shown remarkable progress.

Ben: That's good to hear.

Ms. C: Yes, he's extremely bright.

Michael: (looking at Ben) That runs in the family.

Ms. C: However, he's not the most disciplined student. And he has a tendency to be a bit of a -

Ben: Smartass?

[Ms. Crowe smiles indulgently.]

Ben: That runs in the family, too.

Ms. C: But you're to be commended for doing an excellent job.

[She hands them a print-out that must be Hunter's report card/grades.]

Ben: Oh! Thank you, Ms. Crowe.

Michael: Thank you.

[As they walk out]

Michael: [to Ben] That's the first time a teacher has ever given me an excellent!

[In the hallway, Ben and Michael are approached by a couple who introduce themselves as Callie's parents, Steve Leeson and Amber Morgan-Leeson.]

Amber: Excuse us. Are you Hunter's parents?

Ben: Yes, we are.

Steve: We're Callie's folks.

Ben: Uh, Callie...?

Steve: Our kids seeing sometimes.

Ben: Yes, of course. Callie.

Steve: Steve Leeson

Amber: Amber Morgan-Leeson.

Ben: Ben Bruckner.

Michael: Michael Novotny-Bruckner.

Amber: Hunter always speaks of you both with such admiration.

Michael: He does?

Steve: Well, you know how kids are. They'll never tell you to your face.

Amber: Callie's like a schoolgirl every time she mentions his name.

Steve: She is a schoolgirl.

[They all laugh.]

Amber: You should be very proud. He's a very nice young man.

Ben: I think he'd prefer "cool dude."

Steve: Listen, we would love to get together with you guys.

Michael: That'd be great!

Amber: I'll be in touch. We'll plan an evening.

Ben: Terrific.

Michael: Nice to meet you.

Amber: Nice to meet you to.

Ben: Bye-bye.

[Brian, lying on the examining table in one of those horrible paper gowns. The doctor is examining his ba*ls.]

Doc: How does that feel?

Brian: It'd be a lot better with poppers.

Doc: Try to describe the sensation.

Brian: It feels as if someone is rotating my artificial ball.

[Doctor peels off the plastic gloves.]

Doc: Please, get up and go on the scale. You've put on some weight.

Brian: I realize to you that's a good thing. To me, it's a disaster.

Doc: You can get dressed now.

Brian: So, what's the verdict?

Doc: You still experiencing fatigue?

Brian: Not as much.

Doc: How's your sex drive?

Brian: With both hands on the wheel.

Doc: Of course, we can't be certain, even within a month or a year that the cancer won't reoccur, but the sonogram and the blood test show no signs of spreading.

Brian: How long before I can resume a normal life, doing recreational drugs and consuming vast amounts of alcohol? Going to the gym?

Doc: I don't have any problem with some light stretching and mild cardio.

Brian: Doc, I'm a f*g. I don't go to the gym to be healthy, I go there to look good. Light stretching and mild cardio aren't gonna cut it.

Doc: Brian, you've had cancer. Your body's been through a series of radiation treatments. I suggest you take it easy, give yourself time to recover. After all, you're not 21 anymore.

[The g*y and l*sbian Center.]

Mel: It's a f*cking catastrophe. What the hell happened to Jeffrey Pendergrass?

Women: He felt he didn't have the support of certain influential members of the community and that without their backing, he couldn't successfully meet the goal.

Ben: So he took off with practically every cent we managed to raise!

Mel: b*stard!

Women: We agreed to pay all his expenses.

Ben: Including hotel suite, champagne... kickoff party at Babylon?

Women: Which we barely managed to cover, according to him.

Ben: I guess Brian had his number all along.

Mel: OK, so what do we do now?

Women: There's only one thing we can do. Cancel the Liberty Ride and refund everyone's money.

Mel: How can you refund it if you haven't got it?

Ben: How much are we in the hole?

Women: Almost $25,000.

Mel: Congratulations, everyone, on being the first charity ride to pedal backwards.

Ben: Look, Liberty House is depending on us. Without this ride, they'll be forced to close their

doors.

Mel: We have no choice but to go ahead with it.

Ben: And hope that we find more pledges and sponsors.

[Ted and Em strolling down snowy "Liberty Avenue."]

Emmett: It's awfully sweet of you, Teddy, to take me to lunch.

Ted: I figured you could use some cheering up.

Emmett: Have to admit, it hasn't been easy. Still, how many times in life do you get to live out a fantasy? To have a secret affair with a famous football star? To have him ride your back end three times a week with his rock-hard ten inch battering ram until your screams of ecstasy fill an entire stadium?

[Ted looks slightly ill.]

Emmett: To lie there spent, exhausted, insensate - and that's only half-time!

Ted: Not often. So, what're you in the mood for?

Emmett: I could do with a Chinese chicken salad. And without any more talk of Drew Boyd.

[They come up to a huge DB billboard.]

Ted: In that case, you may want to avoid major thoroughfares.

[A bus rolls by, with a Drew Boyd poster on the side.]

Ted: All forms of public transportation, better shops and department stores. I'd also stay away from publications such as newspapers and magazines for, oh, a year or so. And don't look up.

[Naturally, they both look up. There's another ginormous DB billboard.]

Emmett: (moans/groans) Gouge my eyes out now!

[While you're at it, an old lady passing by presses a coin into his outstretched palm]

Oldy: Poor thing!

[Emmett pockets the coin.]

[It's a kids' birthday party, probably one of Dusty's kids.]

Woman: You look absolutely radiant, Mel.

Dusty: This must be the happiest time of your life!

Mel: Must be!

[Lindsay comes in]

Lindsay: Hi everyone! (She kisses Mel on the cheek) Sorry I'm late.

Mel: Last minute Auerbach's sale?

Dusty: You want some fruit punch? I've also got ginger ale and vanilla soy drink.

Lindsay: I wish they'd lower the drinking age to five. I could sure use a scotch.

Woman#2: Congratulation on the show about the gallery.

Woman: Hey, it's been all over the papers.

Dusty: It must've been a real thrill working with a famous artist like Sam Auerbach.

Mel: You can't imagine how attentive she was. Attending to his every need!

[She and Lindz exchange frozen looks. Later, they have a moment alone in the kitchen.]

Lindsay: Was that remark really necessary?

Mel: What remark?

Lindsay: You know what remark. About my attending to his every need.

Mel: It's true, isn't it? In fact, I'm surprised you even bothered to come.

Lindsay: Why wouldn't I?

Mel: Not a man in sight. Just us d*kes!

Lindsay: Look, I told you how sorry I am, that it was a mistake!

Mel: Actually, you said it was a good thing!

Lindsay: I never said it was a good thing.

Mel: That it gave you a chance to contrast and compare and come to the conclusion that given the choices, you still prefer me!

Lindsay: That part is true.

Mel: Well, it isn't true for me. I know which team I play on. It's not a choice or a preference. It's who I am! It's who I've always been. A rug muncher, a muff-diver, a c**t-lapper, a bull, a l*zzie, a d*ke!

Lindsay: What do you think I am?

Mel: Don't ask me to make up your mind for you. You have to do that all by yourself.

Lindsay: I'm a l*sbian.

Mel: Not if you're having sex with a man, honey!

[Lindsay looks down in shame.]

Mel: And I'm pregnant yet! I don't know which betrayal to never forgive you for first.

[Just then Dusty walks in.]

Dusty: Bad timing?

Lindsay: No. We were just having a discussion.

Dusty: You don't have to explain it to me. I've had three. There's nothing like a good pregnancy to turn you into a raving b*tch!

[Michael, Ben, Brian, Justin and Ted are walking down Liberty Avenue. Everybody's carrying a gym bag except for poor doddering Brian.]

Michael: They said Pendergrass leaves the town high and dry?

Ben: Yeah, sort of it.

Ted: The short of it was cash.

Michael: I wonder what happened?

Brian: What do you looking me for?

Ben: It doesn't matter. We're still gonna train, we're still gonna ride.

Michael: You coming to the gym with us?

Justin: Brian's doctor cautioned him to take it easy.

Ted: Meaning what? Get laid three times a week instead of four?

Justin: More like seven instead of nine.

Ben: Some recuperation.

Michael: Too bad you can't go with us.

Ted: Even if he was in peak condition, I doubt Brian would be donating his backside for charity.

Ben: It's not just a charity. We all know someone or have heard of someone who spent his last days at Liberty House. Someday it might be one of us.

Michael: Not as long as I'm around.

Ben: Well, the point is, we all deserve to die with dignity and a friend by our side. I'm sure even Brian would agree with that.

[They all turn into the gym, leaving Brian standing there on the sidewalk.]

[Deb's peering out her front window from behind the curtains.]

Emmett: What's up?

Debbie: This big, black SUV's been circling the block. It keeps stopping in front of the house. Christ, now it's parking!

Emmett: Sooo?

Debbie: Well, I don't like it! Don't like it at all! You don't suppose Vic had a secret life, do ya? Like maybe he worked for the CIA or the Mafia or some foreign government and now that he's gone, they decided to rub us out.

Emmett: (clearly thinks she's nuts but pretends to give it serious thought) No.

Debbie: Well, I have to go to work and I'm afraid to go out there.

Emmett: You use the back way. I'll distract 'em.

Debbie: (whispering) Good idea! I'm telling Carl about this, just in case.

[Emmett smiles, puts on his shades and heads out to confront the menace. He becomes slightly unnerved when the black menace begins tailing him. He stops walking and the SUV stops, too. He doesn't turn around, just starts walking again. The SUV starts up again, very slowly. Emmett turns around and walks up to the dread vehicle. He raps on the driver's window (it's black; you can't see inside).]

Emmett: If you're planning to accost me, you should know they don't call us screaming f*ggots for nothing. And if you're hoping to score, you're going about it all wrong.

[Slowly the window rolls down. It's Drew.]

Drew: Get in.

Emmett: I don't accept rides from strangers. (He starts walking). Particularly those who don't show up. Or at least call!

Drew: Get in!

[Emmett gets in.]

Emmett: Nice oil tanker. So what brings you to Queersville?

Drew: My game's been sh*t.

Emmett: Talk to your coach.

Drew: I can't sleep.

Emmett: Take a Xanax.

Drew: I'm drinking too much.

Emmett: Buy more beer nuts!

Drew: I miss you.

Emmett: You do?

[Drew nods.]

Drew: Can we go to the motel?

Emmett: Yeah. Ah - no! No, I can't go back there.

Drew: I thought you loved when I f*ck you.

Emmett: I do love when you f*ck me. This isn't the Atkins diet. Man can't live on meat alone. At least this man can't.

Drew: Alright, we'll go out.

Emmett: You mean it?

[Drew leans in for a kiss.]

Emmett: What if somebody sees us?

Drew: They can't. (He raps on the window). Remember?

[Hunter and Callie are kissing, too.]

Callie: The first thing I've noticed about you was your nose and your eyes.

Hunter: Yeah?

Callie: Yeah. What was the first thing you've noticed about me?

Hunter: You noticed.

Callie: Liar...

[They making up. Hunter touched Callie's breast.]

Hunter: These.

Callie: You have a really cute a*s. Do you have a condom? A condom?

Hunter: I know what this is.

Callie: If you don't have appropriate for your member.

Hunter: You really want to?

Callie: Well, don't you?

Hunter: Sure. It's just that - before we do, there's something you should know. I'm positive.

Callie: Positive? You mean -

Hunter: I have HIV.

Callie: sh*t! Are you alright?

Hunter: I'm not sick or anything. It's just - there. Inside me.

Callie: How did you get it? Was it a transfusion? Or from doing drugs? (He hesitates). It's OK. You don't have to tell me. Does anyone else at school know?

Hunter: No.

Callie: I promise I won't tell anyone. I'm sorry.

Hunter: Yeah. I guess I better go.

Callie: Wait. My parents won't be home for a couple of hours.

Hunter: But I thought -

Callie: We have these (picks up condom). Don't we? As long as we use one, then it's safe, right?

[Ted meets Emmett in the diner. Emmett see's a Drew Boyd ad.]

Ted: Don't you agree to avoid any stores AND publication.

Emmett: I know...

Ted: Be strong then. Siting here, piening away with icecream is the only solution you need to shift your focus.

Emmett: You're right.

[He takes another magazine and open it. And - of course another Drew Boys ad.]

Ted: God, you must be go to a meeting tonight.

Emmett: Well, I can't. Drew's take me out. A big date.

Ted: But I thoughed you were broke up.

Emmett: He missed me. Isn't this amazing? This man who only days ago were deep in a leather suit has decided to go out, because of... because of me.

[Ted smiles but looks sad.]

Emmett: I got a manicure and who knows? After the meeting at Mo, we might just end up in Babylon.

[Mel's sitting at the a booth reading law books. Deb comes over to be nosy.]

Debbie: You plannin' on havin' that baby here? You've been sitting there since breakfast. Here's lunch!

Mel: I didn't order this.

Debbie: I know! I'm just practicing being a loving, attentive grandmother.

Mel: Thanks, Deb.

Debbie: Now I'm gonna practice being a nosy, meddlesome grandma. Is something wrong, honey?

Mel: No, it's nothing.

Debbie: Not with a punim like that.

Mel: How do you know that word?

Debbie: You live long enough, everybody's Jewish! (She grabs Mel's hand). Nothing's wrong with that baby?

Mel: The baby's OK. I'm OK. Nothing to do with that.

[Deb gives her an inquiring look.]

Mel: It's Lindsay and me. We're in trouble, Deb. Real trouble -

Debbie: Stop right there. I don't wanna know. 'Cause whatever it is, doesn't matter. What matters is, you're about to have a baby. And that's all that counts. So it's up to you to make things work. So you just chew on that chicken salad while I grab you a piece of Key lime.

[The director explaining to Remsen in his droning voice.]

Director: Like I said, Mr.Remsen, something, we're modest facility and its residents are those for whom medications like Endovir have proven ineffective. Or something is too late.

Remsen: You're doing a hell of a job here. I'm sure it's not easy.

Director: The hardest part is not being able to do more. We've already had to send a couple of our sickest clients to the County Hospital, simply because we no longer have the staff or capability of tending to their needs.

Remsen: It's a shame.

Director: It's money. State funding has been reduced. Private donations have all but dried up due to the misconception that no one dies of A*DS anymore.

Remsen: Well, I hope you manage to find the necessary funds.

Director: It may be too late for that. Like our clients, we're running out of time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to work. There are only two of us.

[Out on the street, Remsen turns to Brian.]

Remsen: I suppose you're going to hit me up now. And after what I've just seen, it's gonna be very hard to say no.

Brian: It's a worthy cause.

Remsen: They're all worthy causes.

Brian: All I'm asking is for you to sponsor one rider on the Liberty Ride.

Remsen: That's it?

Brian: That's it.

Remsen: Well, I suppose we can handle that. How much do you want?

Brian: $100,000.

Remsen: !

Brian: It's no more than you spend for an ad in a magazine, and think of the good will you'll be

generating. It's more than any campaign that I can come up with. As for the rider you'll be sponsoring, he's an amazing athlete and a renowned humanitarian.

[Hunter and Mikey at the comic store. He's wearing white gloves.]

Hunter: What the f*ck are you doin'? Brain surgery?

Michael: Far more delicated. This is a very rare comic from the 50s. Because the assets from your fingers touch the paper.

[He put the comic into a cover.]

Michael: There, the operation was a success. Michael Novotny, Dr. of Comicolligy trains again.

Hunter: Freak.

[His phone rings.]

Michael: Can you get that? And tell, whoever it is that the doctor is in.

Hunter: [pick up the phone] Hello? Uh, sure, hold on. [to Michael] It's Mr.Leeson. Callie's dad!

Michael: [to the phone] Steve? Hi. It was nice meeting you and Amber the other night. And I really looking forward to meeting together. Tonight? I'm check it with Ben, but I'm sure it'll be okay. Where would you like to meet? That'll be fine. How about 8 o'clock? See you then.

[he hangs up. Hunter look at him questionally.]

Hunter: What was that about?

Michael: We're better go home and dust. You're in be are coming over.

[And now for something completely different: Brian and Justin in the throes of mind-blowing orgasms.]

Brian: Of all the times we've f*cked, and by now I'd say that we were well into the quadruple digits, that has to rank in the top five.

Justin: That'll be $1,000, please.

Brian: That's quite an increase from the two bits you were charging when we met.

Justin: To experience perfection is a privilege regardless of price. Besides, I need you to sponsor me for the Liberty Ride.

Brian: I'm sorry, Sunshine. I'm already sponsoring someone else. Me!

Justin: What?

Brian: I'm doing the ride.

Justin: You can't do the ride. You've barely recovered. The doctor told you to take it easy. And at your age -

Brian: At my age, I can make up my own mind.

Justin: You hate bicycling, you despise camping out, you detest any and all forms of charity, you loathe the g*y and l*sbian Center and everyone associated with it, so give me one, just one, good reason why.

Brian: I want to.

Justin: Well, you can't. You haven't trained. You're not in shape. There's no way you'd make it out of Toronto, much less the 322 miles back to Pittsburgh.

Brian: Your prophecies of doom only incite me more.

Justin: I'm just being realistic.

Brian: Well, we dreamers have no time for that. When's the next spin class?

Justin: Tomorrow.

Brian: With a little practice, I'll fly like the wind!

[Mel and Lindsay are at dinner.]

Mel: This salmon is delicious.

Lindsay: Thanks. I tried to cook it the way you like it, almost rare. Would you like some more?

Mel: No, thanks.

[She gets up to take her plate into the kitchen.]

Lindsay: Here, let me!

Mel: No, no, no! You cooked. I'll clean up.

[Lindsay follows her into the kitchen.]

Mel: The premium for the variable annuity arrived. We both have to write checks. The termite inspector's coming tomorrow.

Lindsay: It never stops, does it?

Mel: What?

Lindsay: The house. Keeping things in order. If it isn't one thing, it's another.

Mel: We don't want the foundation to rot.

Lindsay: No, we don't.

Mel: We have to take care of it. After all, it's our home.

[Lindsay follows Mel into the dining room.]

Mel: Zanna called. She offered us tickets to the Eugenie Kissen recital. She wanted to know if we're still planning on going with her and Tess. I said of course.

Lindsay: Mel! (Embraces her, kisses her on the cheek)

Mel: (Angrily pushes her away) Stop it! Stop it!

Lindsay: What? I just wanted to give you a hug and a kiss!

Mel: I don't want you giving me a hug or a kiss!

Lindsay: But I thought - I mean, that everything was going to be okay.

Mel: How can everything be okay? I'm just trying to maintain some sense of order, to hold things together!

Lindsay: I see. I actually thought you decided to forgive me.

Mel: You must expect miracles. Or amnesia. Well, I'm sorry I can't give you what you want, but that's par for the course, isn't it?

Lindsay: What's that supposed to mean?

Mel: There's nothing I can do that'll ever make you feel completely happy. You'll always feel unsatisfied and I'll always feel like I'm not enough.

Lindsay: That's not true.

Mel: Bullshit! Of course it is! Otherwise none of this would've happened!

Lindsay: Mel - are you okay?

(Mel clutches her belly)

Mel: Something feels wrong.

Lindsay: Oh, God!
[Babylon. Brian and Justin are sort of dancing, Ben and Michael are sort of dancing. Ted is standing around like he's looking for somebody. Emmett makes his grand entrance with Drew in tow. The crowd parts like the Red Sea. Everybody stares in awe. Emmett introduces Drew to the boys.]

Emmett: Close your mouth, boys! The drool's getting on the floor. Someone could slip! It's my baby's first time at Babylon, so let's show him a good time! C'mon, honey, let's go exercise our thighs in a different way tonight!

[They dance, Emmett takes off Drew's shirt. Michael, Ben, Ted, Justin, even Brian, watch in undisguised envy. When Emmett and Drew kiss in the middle of the dance floor. Cut to Emmett and Drew having a sedate dinner in a deserted restaurant.]

Drew: Another beer?

Emmett: (waking from his fantasy) Huh?

Drew: You want another beer?

Emmett: No, thanks, I haven't finished this one.

[He looks around the restaurant - it's completely empty.]

Emmett: Do you happen to notice anything peculiar?

Drew: Like what?

Emmett: Like - this is one of Pittsburgh's most famous restaurants, but we're the only ones here!

Drew: Must be a slow night. You gonna finish that?

Emmett: Ah - no! You know, when you said we were gonna go out, this isn't exactly what I imagined.

Drew: What'd you imagine?

Emmett: For one thing - people! Did you buy this place out so we wouldn't be seen together?

Drew: I don't like the attention, that's all. It's hard to have a meal or even a conversation with fans coming up every two minutes, asking for an autograph. Trust me. It's better this way.

[Emmett is unconvinced.]

Drew: It's good you saved room for dessert. They've got a k*ller chocolate cake. Must be a foot high. You'll need an extra-long workout after that!

[Michael trots out a vase of flowers.]

Hunter: Just don't swear, or fart, or make stupid jokes, okay? And don't do any Bette Davis impressions.

Michael: When have I evah done a Bette Davis impression?

Ben: We promise we won't embarrass you, pal.

[There's a knock on the door.]

Hunter: It's them!

[Ben opens the door. Right away, we can see that the vibes are not good.]

Ben: Steve, Amber, come in.

Michael: Can I take your coats?

Steve: No, thanks. We're not staying.

Amber: If we hadn't gone through her journal, we never would have known.

Steve: Considering what kids are up to these days, you do whatever you have to.

Amber: You have no idea how upset we were -

Steve: ARE!

Amber: That your son may have exposed our daughter to A*DS.

Ben: Hunter doesn't have A*DS. He's HIV-positive.

Sam: What difference does it make?

Ben: A very big difference. I oughta know. I happen to be HIV-positive, too.

Michael: We're very aware of safe sex and we've instructed Hunter to be, as well.

Hunter: I wore a condom.

Amber: I'm glad that you can be so matter-of-fact about it.

Steve: But you still should have told us!

Ben: If Michael and I had known in advance that Hunter and Callie were going to have sex, which for the record we didn't, we would have discussed it. However, the important thing is, they both acted responsibly.

Steve: What the hell do they know? They're sixteen!

Hunter: More than you!

Steve: We don't want him seeing Callie again.

Hunter: No f*ck' way.

Ben: Calm down.

Steve: That's final.

Hunter: f*ck this sh*t!

Ben: Hunter, that's enough!

Michael: Excuse yourself. Go on.

[Hunter slams into his room. He's pissed.]

Amber: We're sorry about Hunter. But we have to protect Callie.

Steve: How'd he get it, anyway?

Ben: That's a private matter.

Amber: He had sex with our daughter. I think we have a right to know.

[Hunter bursts out of his room.]

Hunter: Whyn't you tell 'em? Go on! Tell 'em everything! Or would you like me to?

[Mel and Lindsay are in a small private room at the hospital. Mel's lying down in bed, Lindsay's sitting next to her. One thing hasn't changed: the frozen silence between them. The doctor comes in.]

Doc: How you feeling?

Mel: Fine. How's the baby?

Doc: Baby's fine, too. For now.

Mel: Thank God. What the hell happened?

Doc: You went into early labor. Probably brought on by stress. What did I tell you about taking it easy?

Mel: I know, I know.

Doc: Obviously you don't, or you wouldn't be here. Well, this time you're gonna listen. If you deliver too prematurely, there could be serious complications.

Mel: Are you trying to scare me?

Doc: Damn right I am! We managed to stop the labor with drugs. But for the remainder of the pregnancy, you're not to leave your bed, except for a trip to the bathroom. No extended walking, no lifting, no physical exertion of any kind. Do I make myself clear?

[Mel nods.]

Doc: (to Lindsay) Keep her in bed, don't let her out.

Lindsay: I'll strap her to it if I have to.

Doc: You might. (To Mel) You're very lucky to have such a devoted partner. You're gonna be spending a lot of time together.

[Spin class. Michael, Ben, Ted, Justin.]

Instructor: OK, everybody ready, let's go!

Brian: Don't leave without me!

Ted: What the hell's he doing?

Justin: Today the Liberty Ride, tomorrow the Tour de France.

[Brian starts out c*ck, calling out to Justin.]

Brian: You should have told me it was Babylon on wheels!

[He's barely able to catch his breath and he's also sweating profusely. He breaks up.]

[Emmett in Deb's kitchen.]

Emmett: How many friends have you daughter in the collection? 3.500? Well, that's a lot of pigs. Well if you wants a cake in a shape of pig, she'll get a cake in a shape of pig. Oh, can you excuse me? I got a call comes in. Hello?

Sierra: "Emmett?"

Emmett: Yeah?

Sierra: "It's Sierra. We'll have to talk."

Emmett: We... we... we do?

Sierra: Right away. Today.

[Cut to a restaurant. Emmett and Sierra siting at one tabe.]

Sierra: Emmett, I don't think I've ever been so upset.

Emmett: I can imagine.

Sierra: I felt the best way to deal with the situation was for us to sit down together and discuss it.

Emmett: That seems to be perfectly reasonable.

Sierra: I was in the shower this morning when Drew got the call.

Emmett: What call?

Sierra: From our wedding planner. She was rushed to the hospital. Her appendix burst. She's gonna be out of commission for months.

Emmett: Oh! Oh, that's a shame!

Sierra: It's worse than a shame, it's an absolute disaster! Drew and I can't postpone our wedding. So I've decided I want you to do it.

Emmett: !

Sierra: I realize I've caught you offguard, that you don't know what to say, but please, Emmett, say yes! You have no idea how important this is to me.

Emmett: What about Drew? Something tells me he wouldn't want me to -

Sierra: I know sometimes he can be a bit gruff. But oh, Emmett, if you only knew him like I do! Of course he's gorgeous and strong and athletic, but he's also kind and loving and honest. He's - well, my hero. And we need a wedding that's worthy of a hero.

[Emmett smiles weakly.]

Sierra: You know, my mother used to tell me that the way to have a perfect marriage is to start off with a perfect wedding. And I just know you'll give us that perfect start.

[Next day at school, Hunter tries to talk to Callie. She seems a little cool, to say the least.]

Hunter: Hey! Hey! I'll looking for you in the cafeteria. Where were you?

Callie: I had to study.

Hunter: You missed a great lunch. You missed me. Did your parents tell you about the talk?

[She nods.]

Hunter: It was twisted. So what'd they say? Callie?

Callie: They said you told them that you were a prost*tute. That you had sex with men and that's how you got it. Is that true?

[He nods.]

Callie: Why didn't you tell me?

Hunter: How do you tell your girlfriend that you used to f*ck guys for a living? You'd never talk to me again. You're barely talking to me now.

Callie: Then you're g*y?

Hunter: I thought I was.

Callie: All I can think about is you and all those men. Them doing things to you. You doing things to them.

Hunter: I don't do it anymore. I swear.

Callie: I've got to get back to class.

[She leaves him alone at the hall.]

[Diner. Brian sits on the bar. Ted and Justin are siting beside him.]

Ted: We just heard that Remsen Pharmaceuticals is sponsoring the ride to the tune of 100 g's.

Brian: Will wonders never cease.

Justin: We didn't say anything.

Ted: Having been trained never to divulge information under penalty of death, but it has the fingerprints of one Brian Kinney all over it.

Justin: Now you can forget about the ride.

Ted: Take care of yourself. You need your rest. Go take a nap.

Brian: You wanna cut my meat up for me too?

[Ted and Justin exchange looks - like whoa, isn't he touchy!]

Justin: Gotta go.

Ted: Gotta train.

[Debbie has seen this conversation.]

Debbie: Freshen your hemlock?

Brian: What makes you think I want to k*ll myself?

Debbie: The look on your face, for one thing.

Brian: Maybe I should have.

Debbie: Well, there is an alternative to going out in a blaze of glory. And that's giving 'em all the big "f*ck you."

[She sits down next to Brian at the counter.]

Debbie: I always say it was cause of me that Vic survived those last four years. That I bathed him, I fed him -

Brian: Wiped his a*s.

Debbie: Right. But the truth is? Vic fought like a sonofab*tch. Every time a new infection hit or some new med would make him feel worse that was supposed to be curing him, he would dig down into some unfathomable part of himself and say, "I'm not giving up yet, so f*ck off!" (She gives him the check.) You can pay my tip.

[Michael helps Lindsay set up a bed downstairs for Melanie.]

Lindsay: Thanks for helping me, Michael.

Mel: Yes, thank you, Michael.

Michael: Hey, this is my kid, too. With anything's happen to them...

Mel: Nothing is goin' to happen! I'm fine.

Lindsay: There are a lot of women who have to do this at the end of their pregnancy.

Michael: Yet another reason why I'm glad I'm a guy.

Lindsay: Still, there are many pleasures.

Mel: Along with the pain.

Lindsay: There. Alright. (To Mel). Get in.

[Mel slowly climbs into the bed, impatiently shrugging off Michael's attempt to help.]

Michael: Stay in. If you need anything else, call me. Or better yet, I'll call you. In about an hour.

[Michael leaves.]

Mel: Oy. He's never gonna leave me alone, is he?

Lindsay: Probably not.

Mel: And then there's Debbie.

[She gets out of bed.]

Lindsay: Where you going?

Mel: To get a bottle of water.

Lindsay: I'll get it. The doctor said you're not to move. Christ! Don't you listen to anybody?

Mel: It's just in the kitchen.

Lindsay: You can go to the bathroom, that's it. Until the baby's born, I'm your arms and legs.

Mel: So, I guess we're stuck.

Lindsay: You in bed. Us with each other.

Mel: Funny, isn't it?

Lindsay: Achingly. I'll get you your water.

[Drew watches cartoons while he waits for Emmett to show up for their rendezvous at the No-Tell Motel.]

Drew: Hey sport. What's happen to you?

Emmett: Sorry I'm late, I was with Sierra. I'm afraid you're going to have to deal with a very distraught fiancee when you get home.

Drew: You didn't tell her.

Emmett: No, no, of course not. I leave that up to you. I just told her I couldn't plan your wedding.

Drew: Oh. Yeah.

Emmett: So - when are you gonna tell her?

Drew: About what?

Emmett: About you. About me. She loves you, you know. More than loves you. Worships you. Adores you. Believes in you. You know how hurt, how devastated she'd be if she ever found out?

Drew: Why would she ever find out? Why should anybody?

Emmett: Because it's the truth?

Drew: Truth?! I have nothing to gain and everything to lose. See, I'm an industry. Drew Boyd, Inc. A lotta people make millions of dollars off of me. Do you have any idea what would happen if this were to get out? I'd lose my friends, my teammates, my fans, my endorsements. But most of all, I'd lose the thing that I love most in this world - playing football. Besides, I love Sierra. I want a wife and kids just like everybody else.

Emmett: What about us?

Drew: Nothing has to change. Nobody needs to know. It's none of their g*dd*mn business.

Emmett: You know, everything you said made perfectly good sense. And I'm sure most people would agree with you. Why tell anyone? Why lose everything, when it can be your little secret? But you see, it was different for me. Everyone could tell who I was from the start which, believe me, didn't make my life any easier. I've been beaten up, cursed at, spit on, from day one. Which in a way, was worth it. Because I've never had to live a lie. And I'm not about to start now. Not for you. Not for anyone.

[He kisses Drew on the cheek and leaves.]

[The Bruckner-Novotny household is in crisis mode. Poor Hunter is practically in tears over being kicked to the curb by Callie.]

Hunter: What girl's gonna want me when she finds out what I've got and how I got it?

Michael: You'll find someone. You'll see.

Ben: Just like Michael and I found each other.

Hunter: It's different with a guy and a girl. I mean, someday she'll want to have kids. And I can never do that.

Ben: That's not true. They're working on it.

Hunter: I never should have told her. That way no one ever would have known.

Ben: You did the right thing, the honorable thing, telling the truth.

Hunter: No one's ever gonna love me!

Ben: That's not true. We love you. Whether you're positive or not. Whether you're g*y or not.

Michael: And others will, too.

[He cries.]

[Justin is getting ready for bed; Brian's getting ready to go out.]

Justin: Where you going? Babylon?

Brian: Hopefully, I'll have the strength for one little spin around the floor.

Justin: Don't make noise when you come in. I have to get up early to make spin class.

Brian: You youngsters. I don't know where you get your strength.

[He pats Justin on the head and leaves... ...to practice spinning all by himself in the room full of exercise bikes.]

END OF EPISODE

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